

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 2.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1835.

NUMBER 36

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE W. MILLETT.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.—
One dollar and twenty-five cents at the end of six months.—
Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, the insertion fee for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be addressed to the publisher, *Post-paid*.

THE FIRST AND LAST PRAYER.

(Pray for me, mother! pray that no blight
May come on my hopes and prospects bright;
Pray that my days may be long and fair—
Free from the cankerous touch of care;
Pray that the laurels I grasp at now
May live long around my brow;
And pray that my gentle lady-love
May be found as the nightingale, true as the dove.
The mother knelt by her own hearth's stone,
With her hand on the head of her only son,
And lifting up her glistening eye,
Prayed for all blessings fervently;
And then she took one lock of hair
From his manly forehead, smooth and fair,
And he kissed her cheek, and left her side
With a bounding step and smile of pride.
* * * * *
Pray for me, mother! pray that are long
My soul may be free as a wild bird's song,
That away on the wings of the wind is driven,
And goes to rest with them in heaven.
Pray for it, mother!—my, do not weep!
Then was wont to bless my infant sleep;
And bless me now with thy gentle breath,
Ere I sink away in the sleep of death.
The mother knelt by his side again—
Oh, her first prayer had been all in vain,
His lady-love had been false to him—
His fame in slander's breath was dim;
She looked on his altered cheek and eye,
And she felt 'twas best that he should die;
Then she prayed for his death in her fond despair,
And his soul passed away with that last will prayer.

The following beautiful lines, from the Charleston Rose Bud, contain a useful and interesting moral to the comprehension of children, and may not be devoid of interest, to minds of older growth.

IS IT SUNDAY?

"What is that lady doing there,
In such a posture?" Anna cried.
"The lady kneels in humble prayer;"
Her sister Bell replied.
Young Anna's sulken lasher fell;
"You say the lady kneels in prayer,
To-day you know it Friday, Bell,
And is it Sunday there?"
"I should be very sad if I,
Who sorrow almost every day
For something wrong, must wait and sigh,
Till Sunday come to pray?"
"When I have erred in deed or word,
And tears arise to blind my eye,
My heart and lips with prayer are stilled.
Till I forget to sigh."
"When softly on my downy bed
I wake, and find the morning there,
I think, where smile that morning made.
And speak to God in prayer.
When day's bright door is shut, I know
Whose viceless hand forbids her beam,
And dare not to my slumber go.
Till I have prayed to him.
"Oh, sister dear, no matter where,
No matter when the hour of day,
The solemn eye, the morning fair—
"Tis always good to pray."

THE VOTER'S SONG.

A song under this title was circulating with great effect throughout England, during the elections going on for Parliament. The following spirited verses are taken from it. We do not wonder that such poetry and such sentiments should be popular at such a time.

They knew that I was poor,

And they thought that I was base;

And would readily endure

To be covered with disgrace;

They judged me of their tribe

Who are dirty mammon doth,

So they offered me a bribe

For my vote, boys, vote!

Oh, shame upon my betters,

Who would my conscience buy?

But shall I wear their fetters?

Not I, indeed, not I!

My vote?—Is it not mine?

To do with as I will;

To cast like pearls to swine,

To those wallowers in ill.

It is my country's due,

And I'll give it while I can

To the honest and the true,

Like a man, boys, man!

Oh, shame upon my betters,

Who would my conscience buy?

But shall I wear their fetters?

Not I, indeed, not I!

No, no, I'll hold my vote

As a treasure and a trust;

My dishonor none shall quote

When I'm mingled with the dust;

And my children, when I'm gone,

Shall be strengthened by the thought,

That their father was not one

To be bought, boys, bought!

Oh, shame upon my betters,

Who would my conscience buy?

But shall I wear their fetters?

Not I, indeed, not I!

Now, look here, Big Ben is going to hold

me like a house-on-fire—he says he will, and he will.

He calls me 'it' and is going to take a

stick and kill it."

He can't—the law says he mustn't; and if he does, you know, it's no great matter—he will be put in limbo."

From the Philadelphia Vade Mecum.

CITY POLICE SCENES.

There are many persons in town who know a little fellow, called by those acquainted with him, Rocky Smalt. He is one of the featherweights, and, like numbers of that class, he has a great desire for pugilistic honors—at least, a certain portion of them. He is ready enough whether Ben has executed his threat is not yet known.

"I've no objections to the looks of the world," said Lookings, as he sat one evening upon the curbstone, gazing about; "it's a very pretty sort of world, and has a great many pretty things in it; and if it rained money, I should be quite contented. Stop—that wouldn't do either—there would be too much of it in that case. The dollars would only crack our pates, and would be worth no more than so many oysters. The bairns' plan would be to have plenty of every thing that's good, and every thing in common. Then, instead of long sixes, or Spring Garden nines, I might smoke the real Havana; tipple mint-juleps and haint-storms all summer, and sit by a hot stove all winter, sucking away at a hot whisky punch. That would be nice—not a bit of work—not turning out after breakfast—not going to bed until two o'clock in the morning. What a slick world it would be if I could fix things just as I want them. I wouldn't have a morsel of time wasted—we would be eating, drinking, sleeping, or smoking, every moment in the twenty-four hours. Fighting cocks would be fools to us. Life would be filled out, full of fun as an egg. Nothing like enjoying the essentials."

"You've had to much essential oil already, I take it, my solitary friend of the curbstone."

"You're mistaken—I understand your inclination, but you and I differ in some particulars. Too much of the essential is very uncomfortable feeling—now, I'm rather comfortable. I have just had enough. My bodily wants are satisfied, and I am getting profound on the bad arrangement of human affairs in general. I'd start off after him. I'd go and dun him for the hiding, and if he would only squat, or let me stand on a chair, I'd give him a receipt in full, right in the face, under my own hand and seal. I'd knock him this-er-way and that-er-way, till you couldn't tell which end of his head his face is on."

"So?" soliloquized Smalt, "he intends to belt me, does he? Now's the time—why doesn't he come and do it? Calls me 'it' too. If I wasn't so tired, and if I hadn't a little touch of a pulmonary, I'd start off after him. I'd go and dun him for the hiding, and if he would only squat, or let me stand on a chair, I'd give him a receipt in full, right in the face, under my own hand and seal. I'd knock him this-er-way and that-er-way, till you couldn't tell which end of his head his face is on."

"I won't—I'm a police officer."

"A Polish office—Poniatowski, bowskiowski, perhaps, mind—honour your com-mission, and follow my example. Love liquor, but hate drunkenness, slave three times a week, wear a clean shirt collar, or none at all; keep a clear conscience and a straight head of hair—last of all, be sure to pay what you owe, when you've nothing else to do with your money."

"No gammon. I ain't up to college learning; but my rattle and mace can talk to some purpose."

"I have nothing to say to them, and don't wish to hear them converse. All I want is for you to treat, most valiant Polish officer.—You can learn how without going to college."

"Nobody asked your opinions—go away—I've got some thinking to do, and you bother me. Hop Scotch at once, good man, or—"

"Take care—the mayor not the squires have gone to bed, but the law never gets asleep. It's wide awake, and all lodged in my person. After ten o'clock, the law is a Charley. I'm find me a gun-stump."

"Now, this is one of the things I'd have altered if I had the fixing of the world. To my notion, this taking of people up when they are enjoying their own thoughts, is as bad as interfering with elections. But as I can't help it, I must do the best I can, and that is, knock under—make the best of the matter, though I don't believe there's much best to it."

"Come: you're right—I'm off," said Smalt, taking the hint, and making a spring. But he had miscalculated his powers, and, after running a few steps, fell down, and his interrogator stood over him.

"Oh! you stumpy little peace breaker, I know what you have been about—you've been drinking."

"You nose it, do you?—much good may it do you. Can't a man wet his whistle without your nosing it?"

"No, you can't—it's agin the law, which is very full upon this point."

"Pint! Not half of it—I hav'n got the stowage room."

"I'll explain the matter, so you needn't be crotchety any more. Now listen:—the law vinkas up to it can't see, and lets them off it can't ketch. When you want to break it you must dodge. Get snapped quietly in your own house, and the law don't know nothing about the matter. But never go thumping and bumping about the street when you are primed and snapped. That's intemperance, and the other is temperance. But you come under the moze of the ordinance—you're a lawfer."

"Now, look here, Big Ben is going to hold me like a house-on-fire—he says he will, and he will."

"He calls me 'it' and is going to take a stick and kill it."

"He can't—the law says he mustn't; and if he does, you know, it's no great matter—he will be put in limbo."

"I've no objections to the looks of the world," said Lookings, as he sat one evening upon the curbstone, gazing about; "it's a very pretty sort of world, and has a great many pretty things in it; and if it rained money, I should be quite contented. Stop—that wouldn't do either—there would be too much of it in that case. The dollars would only crack our pates, and would be worth no more than so many oysters. The bairns' plan would be to have plenty of every thing that's good, and every thing in common. Then, instead of long sixes, or Spring Garden nines, I might smoke the real Havana; tipple mint-juleps and haint-storms all summer, and sit by a hot stove all winter, sucking away at a hot whisky punch. That would be nice—not a bit of work—not turning out after breakfast—not going to bed until two o'clock in the morning. What a slick world it would be if I could fix things just as I want them. I wouldn't have a morsel of time wasted—we would be eating, drinking, sleeping, or smoking, every moment in the twenty-four hours. Fighting cocks would be fools to us. Life would be filled out, full of fun as an egg. Nothing like enjoying the essentials."

"You've had to much essential oil already, I take it, my solitary friend of the curbstone."

"You're mistaken—I understand your inclination, but you and I differ in some particulars. Too much of the essential is very uncomfortable feeling—now, I'm rather comfortable. I have just had enough. My bodily wants are satisfied, and I am getting profound on the bad arrangement of human affairs in general. I'd start off after him. I'd go and dun him for the hiding, and if he would only squat, or let me stand on a chair, I'd give him a receipt in full, right in the face, under my own hand and seal. I'd knock him this-er-way and that-er-way, till you couldn't tell which end of his head his face is on."

"I won't—I'm a police officer."

"A Sure Servant.—"Mon, Jack," said a farmer in the neighborhood of Glasgow, the other day, to his ploughman, "but you're an unco slow feeder."

"Vera true, master," said Jack, flourishing the spoon, "but I am a real sure one."

On Thursday last a public dinner was given to the Hon. EDWARD KAVANAGH by the citizens of Nobleboro' and vicinity. No man in the country is more deserving of the esteem of his fellow citizens than Mr. Kavanagh—a gentleman of excellent talents, of finished education, and most amiable disposition. In a few weeks he will leave his native land as Chargé d'Affaires of his government at the Court of Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal.

our mechanics, too, generally speaking, are the most industrious part of the community. They are almost always busily employed. But it is apt to be otherwise with professional men. They are often dilatory, lazy. It is an effort for them to bend their minds to a difficult pursuit. They are well informed, because they spend much of their time in reading—but this is an unprofitable business, unless we have some definite object in view.

In these remarks we wish it not to be understood that we think lightly of professional men generally; for we do not. We wish to address ourselves particularly to those parents who are hesitating what occupation to give their children. Are they ingenious, fond of mechanical pursuits? Give them a trade. Do they love to study, and cannot give their attention to any thing else? Send them to college. Let your children choose themselves what trade or profession they will follow, and what they select will generally prove the most advantageous in the end. But never think a trade too humble for your son to work at—nor a profession too important for him to acquire. Let every parent pursue this course with his children and we are confident there would be less unhappiness and misery in the world. You can never force a trade or a profession upon a child; it must be natural to him. A disregard for a child's inclination in this respect has often ruined his ruin, or at least unfitted him for the duties of life.—*Boston Mechanic.*

Anecdote on Time.—Two brothers, named Josiah and William, full grown boys, happened in a store one evening, where the attention of the company was somewhat attracted by a very long watch chain dangling at the fore quarters of Josiah. One of the company asked, "What's the time, Josiah?" With no small ceremony Josiah drew out his watch, and after examining it some time, referred to his brother, and said, "Brother William, is this a figure nine or figure eleven?" William, after a few moments' deliberation, declared it to be "figure seven." "Well, then," replied Josiah, "I jacks out half an inch of eight."

The Antiquary's Humbug.—The British Museum recently purchased a splendid specimen of the Saurian, or lizard tribe, one of the "monsters born before the flood," and paid for it the sum of \$2500. It has been proved within a few weeks to be an ingenious fiction in plaster.

A Sure Servant.—"Mon, Jack," said a farmer in the neighborhood of Glasgow, the other day, to his ploughman, "but you're an unco slow feeder."

"Vera true, master," said Jack, flourishing the spoon, "but I am a real sure one."

On Thursday last a public dinner was given to the Hon. EDWARD KAVANAGH by the citizens of Nobleboro' and vicinity. No man in the country is more deserving of the esteem of his fellow citizens than Mr. Kavanagh—a gentleman of excellent talents, of finished education, and most amiable disposition. In a few weeks he will leave his native land as Chargé d'Affaires of his government at the Court of Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THIRTY DAYS LATER.

The following intelligence from Europe was received at this office on Tuesday by express from New Haven.—*States.*

After a long interval, we have received, by packets arrived yesterday, Liverpool dates to

March 12th, London to the 11th, Paris to the

9th, and Madrid to the 1st. The Rose, Capt.

Delano sailed from Liverpool, March 12th,—

the Caledonia Feb. 21st, and the Utica, from

Havre, 28th. The jackets of the 1st are not yet in.

The American Indemnity Bill had not been

acted upon by the Chamber of Deputies, nor

do we find that the Committee had made their

report. A Paris date of February 26, remarks

that they would so in about a fortnight, which

would carry it beyond the date to which our

present advice extend. The members of the

course that the Senate would accept the Report, however, as it is well deemed, regenerated and disentangled. The only official information we have received on the subject is the following from the organ of the British ministry in the House of Commons.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, March 4.

ASSOCIATIONS WITH AMERICA.

Mr. G. Robinson (as we were told) availed himself of the presence of the Rt. Hon. Baron (Sir R. Peel) on the benches opposite, to ask him whether any progress had been made in the negotiations with the United States, respecting the North American boundary?

Sir R. Peel said that it would be a difficult matter to give the Hon. member an answer on the boundary question in terms as concise as those in which he had couched his query. The boundary question was one of the most important and complicated questions with which the Government had to deal, as it related to the settling of the limits of the State of Maine on the part of the United States, and of the limits of the province of New Brunswick on the part of his British Majesty. The dispute arose out of a treaty made between the two countries so long ago as the year 1783. By that treaty a line was to be drawn determining the boundaries of Maine and New Brunswick. Certain high lands were to be discovered between the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic; and those high lands were to form the boundaries of the two provinces. But these high lands have never been discovered; indeed it was physically impossible to find them. In consequence of this, a convention was subsequently made between this country and the United States by which the settlement of these boundaries was left to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands. Three points were submitted to this arbitration.

On two of them the King of the Netherlands had given a decided opinion; but on the third he said it was impossible for him to give any opinion at all, as the high lands did not exist in the position in which they were supposed to exist in 1783. (A laugh.) Under these circumstances, the King of the Netherlands suggested that an amicable compromise should take place between our government and that of the United States. The British Government was desirous to stand by the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands with respect to the terms of the compromise; but the United States refused to do so. The United States then suggested that there should be a new survey. The British Government consented to make that new survey, and abide by it, provided certain preliminary articles were agreed to. One of them was, whether the Bay of Fundy should be considered as a part of the Atlantic Ocean. A dispatch had been sent out upon this point in the course of last autumn, but no answer had yet been received to it, the President of the United States having declined to produce any papers on the point, from fear, he supposed, of compromising himself on the subject. The negotiation, however, was still pending. This was the only point in controversy between the two powers, and he was certain that the announcement of that fact would give delight to all the lovers of peace, who wished well to the commercial interests of both countries. A paper, he repeated, had been transmitted to the American Government in October last, and it was impossible to ascertain yet whether the terms of that paper had been accepted.

The proposition submitted to our government by that of Great Britain relative to the North Eastern Boundary is understood to be, the preliminary question, to an actual survey, viz: whether the bay of Fundy is to be regarded as part of the open sea.

[Eastern Argus.]

THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OF THE DEMOCRACY OF CONNECTICUT!!

The Hartford Times of Saturday 11th, contains returns from all the towns in the State but four.

The vote for Governor, is 41,212; of these the Democratic Candidate (Edwards,) received 21,795

Foot (the Federal Candidate,) do 19,817

Democratic majority 2,178

The Times estimates the actual majority at about 2,600

The Democrats have carried their whole congressional ticket by about the same majority.

Sixteen Democratic Senators have been elected to five Federalists and Anties.

In the House of Representatives the parties will stand about 140 Democrats to 70 Federalists and Anties!

From the Hartford Times.

A SPLENDID VICTORY!

We publish authentic returns from almost every town in the State. Our friends have all done their duty and done it well. Wiggery (Federalism) is annihilated forever in this State. We shall have an opposition, but it will not be wiggery. Connecticut has taken the first firm step in the next Presidential election, and is united with the Democracy of the nation.—Should the opposition and others, by any intrigue throw the next Presidential election into Congress, the vote of this State will not be lost.

Our opponents will not talk of "upathy," for it is the largest vote ever polled in the State. Neither exertions, money nor means were spared by them; but in vain. The democrats still louder than that of Constantinople or of too many—and too resolute. Such a vote, the eternal City, and the unlooked for, and, as it was never given—such a result was never a yet, undescribed grandeur of the palaces and

temples, was calculated to make the deepest impression on a foreign mind.

[Port. Argus.]

Andrew Jackson and his administration will be sustained in the next Congress, by the united and undivided vote of the Connecticut representatives. A change of twelve votes is effected in the House of Representatives, and our Senators will be instructed to do right.

We confess ourselves gratified at the successful termination of the election. It is the triumph of principle—of sober, honest conviction, of reason, and of duty. It is a result of which all democrats may be proud, for they have exhibited themselves on this occasion, as true, thinking and independent freemen.

From the Hartford Times.

We have elected our Congressmen, Governor, and State Officers, by a majority of about 2500 over the "Whig" Candidates. We have carried in SIXTEEN Senators to five Whigs and Anties, and in the House of Representatives, we shall have about ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY, to seventy Whigs and Anties.

We believe that the enemy will feel satisfied that we have now got a "sound and healthy majority."

The Times has authentic returns from all towns in the State except four, all of which have heretofore given democratic majorities. The votes, as far as received, for Gov. are, For the Democratic candidate, 21,795

For the Federal 19,817

Democratic majority, 2,478

The Congressional majority will vary little from the above. The Victory is com-

The astute editor of the Advertiser wonders that the Democrats should rejoice over the victory in Connecticut, because that State has been so long and so dark in the mire of Federalism. But this is the very reason why they rejoice—that it is even at this late hour extricated from its past degradation. The pictures and promises of Federalism have been tried and proved mere delusion and shadow—like the apples of Sodom, beautiful to the eye, but containing ashes and bitterness.

[Saco Democrat.]

From the Augusta Age.

Indiana Senators. Messrs. Tipton and Hendricks, the Senators from Indiana, were elected as friends of the Administration. The latter has been rather wavering in his political course for some time past, sometimes acting with one party and sometimes with the other.

And last winter, Brooks of the Portland Gazette, wrote home a letter stating that Mr. Tipton had concluded to join the coalition. We notice in the papers Addresses from the two Senators to their constituents. Mr. Hendricks confines himself almost entirely to local matters, leaving unexplained his views in relation to general politics. Not so with Mr. Tipton.

He writes in a manner that cannot be misunderstood, and which, we should think, must put to flight the hopes of the coalition as to receiving his vote in the Senate. The next step will be for the Banks to come out and denounce him as a *collar man*. Every one who votes against the Bank, according to them, wears a *collar*, and those who respect the popular voice and obey the instructions of their constituents, are especially denounced and reviled!

The Washington Globe has issued proposals for publishing a new series of the Extra Globe to commence with the 25th day of May next, to be published weekly for six months. The first number will contain the proceedings of the National Convention, to be held at Baltimore on the 20th of May. The price is one dollar, payable in advance.—[The Age.]

RELIGION OF ANCIENT MEXICO.

The attention of the world has been so frequently directed to the idolatrous systems of India that the stupendous structure of Mexican idolatry as it existed at the time of the Spanish invasion, is rarely mentioned, and scarcely remains any hold on the mind of man. The sources from which we compile the following historical sketch are the letter from Cortez to the King of Spain on the conquest of Mexico and the History of Bernal Diaz, an eyewitness of what he describes.

At the time of the invasion, Mexico, at the very summit of earthly prosperity, sustained her tenth King, Montezuma—a monarch inheriting many noble qualities of mind and gentleness of disposition, united to many warlike attributes. The form of government was monarchical, but not hereditary, and the police of the empire was a most skilful and politic combination of well balanced powers and checks producing the firmest consolidation of interests. Indeed the reflecting mind can scarcely reconcile the horrid cruelty of their bloody religion with the harmony and, in many respects, equitable frame of the government. Architectural grandeur, and the towers of temple, fortress, palace and tomb, gave ancient Mexico, seated in her quiet lake, the appearance which may be supposed to have belonged to Tyre, once the queen of cities as she smiled in beautiful sublimity over the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Well might the Spaniards pause in wonder as their column of battle, like a cloud slumbering a moment on the brow of the stupendous mountain, environs came in full view of this magnificent city. The market sent out the roar of business to the hills

by them; but in vain. The democrats still louder than that of Constantinople or of too many—and too resolute. Such a vote, the eternal City, and the unlooked for, and, as it was never given—such a result was never a yet, undescribed grandeur of the palaces and

temples, was calculated to make the deepest impression on a foreign mind.

The chief temple of their religion occupied as much ground as a town capable of sustaining all the property they had on earth, and all their hopes, and issuing their notes for at least ten times more than they were worth, or ever likely to be worth—some with, and some without umbrellas or great-coats—their clothes dripping, their boot squeaking at every step, the wet snow clinging to them all over in patches and their fur-caps looking like so many drowned puppies. One would have thought by the behavior of both parties, that they had agreed neither to see nor hear each other.

What'll you take for your bargain? said the tall man, who stood with his back to the post, in a whisper which you might have heard half across the street, though the wind blew a regular Down-Easter.

What'll I take?—what'll you give? aint afeared to make an offer, hey?

Here the young men all contrived to hitch a little nearer—without being observed; all with their heads turned away however—and all odd enough, so canted up as to receive the wet snow in their ears. What could it have been for? Not because the land-speculators were trying to get a *leetle* to the windward of them, hey? And then the fur-collars on that side, some how or other, didn't appear to fit so well as they ought.

What'll ye give? continued he. What'll ye take? I'll take an offer.

You will!—Wal then, I'll give you *five thousand dollars*. No—shaking off the snow from his comforter, and turning on his heel, as if to go away. But his companion followed and faced him, and the other group revolved in the same way—capes, umbrellas and all—each with the other was exposed now.

Wal, now I've made my offer, it's your turn to make your'n—if you're any part of a man. What'll you take? Take!—I'll take one hundred thousand dollars.

No—but I'll tell you what I will do—I'll split the difference.

Wal, seein' is you, I don't care if I do, though I know its worth two hundred thousand dollars, every cent on't.

Pshaw!—a likely story that—haw, haw! Likely story!—wal, its the truth; and to show you that I haint no ideer o' jockeyin', I'll tell ye what'll do—man fashion—jest step in here with me to the lawyer's and we'll finish the trade right away; and arter its all over—pulling out his pocket-book, and showing heaps of money—I'll give you five thousand dollars cash, for one half the profits you'll make on the trade.

Why what the devil!—glancing at the bystanders, who were all staring open-mouthed at the bills, and fumbling in their breeches pockets, with a convulsive, earnest, fidgety, business-like air—Why what on earth do you sell for? Why don't ye keep your lands, if you're so plaguy sure they're a gwyin' to rise in that way?

Why haint I got as much as I want?—with an air of indifference—and mor'n I can manage! My transactions have been pretty heavy this last month—I tell ye I—never want too many eggs in one basket. But if you aint satisfied though—here!—taking out two parcels of United States Bank notes—there's two thousand dollars, you needn't count it—you'll find it all right—now I'll give you that lot your bargain, and we'll stop where we air, and not go a step furder.

Here was a clincher. The young men could stand it no longer. The writings were drawn, and before night, six of the bystanders were in partnership with the purchaser, for the same bargain, at a hundred thousand dollars for what they had seen him pay twenty-five thousand dollars for.

But who is that man, said I—I think I've seen his face before?

Which do you mean?

The tall man—the seller—he whose transactions have been so heavy this last month. Oh!—he's a New Hampshire man—failed about six months ago, and paid off his creditors at ten per cent; he began speculating in lands, with a capital of one hundred and fifty dollars, which he had *saved*, nobody knows how—every farthing he had on earth to my certain knowledge. And that sum he keeps for a nest-egg now!

And who is the other, pray?

Oh, he's another New Hampshire blade—supposed to be worth a hundred thousand dollars now; never was master of two pocket-handkerchiefs at a time in his life, till within the last month; and even now isn't the owner of three shirts, with the same mark on them, I'll warrant ye.

And how in the name of all that is wonderful, do these men manage? It appears to me to be sheer gambling and cheating.

The sheerest gambling, Sir, and the boldest cheating. They buy they know not what, and they care not what—they never see the lands—they know nothing of the title or the law—they buy only to sell; the leaders in this extraordinary and almost universal hallucination, were five out of six, notorious gamblers—all they were worth, before they had entered into the land speculations, they obtained by cards or lotteries.

Of course there are fictitious sales? Undoubtedly. What could be easier? No combination required; little or no money, and a rising market. They give their notes for it in breeches' pockets, and his large fur cap three fourths—pay one fourth—and sell on the turned up and pulled about his face, so that when the wheel stops, as you could but just see the twinkle of his eyes, stop it must before long; all these wealthy men, into which a storm of sleet was driving. Near all these young adventurers, who are turning

We la...
by the J...
shall en...
an extra...
driving to...
decided...
cases ca...
facts, se...
sentiment...
existing...
so oppos...
regard...
tend to w...
the duty...
No law...
the statu...
citizens o...
the much o...
the modifi...
session of...
act. It is...
every year...
three or f...
now extre...
citizens of...
they were...
would be...
repeat it...
to introd...
to perplex...
we think a...
be said of...
ions of the...
when our a...
ing the I...

One wou...
so accust...
some degre...
acquired su...
tories before...
or, and the...
those unfor...
anywhere...
engaged be...
party. The...
paper, but...
the people...
all their bo...
You promis...
est. The a...
The people...
have been se...
in the land...
Republican...
with handli...
to make...
their a short...
time—Vermon...
shire have lo...
Massachusetts...
distinguished...
extensive in...
has not spar...
Aristocracy, i...
even in old M...
Quincy, Adams...
people, and yo...
around them...
not prevent...
They feel con...
the power the...
no longer ha...
they feel their...
The whole wo...
and it is in...
to resist it. A...
cause we are...

VIRGINIA.
State and will...
anticipate the...
able to demon...
cial result is loc...
this election in...
fican party gen...
country. We...
the opposition...
election of an...

ILL.

The opposit...
ture of that...
stay cage, re...
is for Van Bure...
of the law is to...
of the paper are...
passed a law pu...
Van Buren.

The weather...
we should like...
weather here d...
night well pa...
Our hills are co...
solid. The pr...
but we may ha...

By the pa...
lived at New...
Havre, files...
March have b...
The organ...
completes. T...
the list, as fo...
Due de Bi...
fairs and Pre...
of De Riguy...
shal Maison, ad...
The pros...

deemity bill,

